Three Months, by mail or carrier.

But of all the spots on this earthly sphere Where these dismal spirits are strong and near There is one more dreary than all the rest,—'Tis the barren island of Rottenest.

On Australia's Western coast, you may—On a seaman's chart of Fremantle Bay—Find a tiny speck, some ten miles from shore: If the chart be good, there is something more, For a shoal runs in on the landward side, With five farthoms marked for the highest tide You have nought but my word for all the rest But that speck is the island of Rottenest.

place
Are sufficient to sully a continent's face.
Ah! cruel tales! were they told as a whole
They would scare your polished-humanity's so
They would blanch the cheeks in your carpe room, With a terrible thought of the merited doom For the crimes committed, still unredressed, On that white sand-heap called Bottenest,

As it was when I had some buildings stand, On the outer headland some buildings stand, And a flag, red-crossed, says the patch of sand Is a reoganized part of the wide domain That is blessed with the peace of Victoria's reign But behind the lighthouse the land's the same, And it hears grim proof of the white man's sham For the ulminature vales the island owns the same tarrible harvest of human bones;

spear With a freeman's force and a bushman's yell, At the white invader—it then befell That so many were killed and cooked and caten, There was risk of the whites in the end being beaten;
So a plan was proposed—'twas]deemed safest
and best
To imprison the natives in Rottenest. And so every time there was white blood spilled. There were black men captured; and those no

sand, Nor a piece of timber as large as your hand; But a government boat went out each day To fling ment ashore—and then sailed away.

So one more year passed, and the brutes o

To the North, on the shore of the Shark's Pay Sound.
And the settlement blazed with a wild commotion at the sight of the gens from the wealthy ocean. Then the settlers all began to pack Their tooks and tents, and ask the track That the bushman followed to strike the spot,—While the dogs and natives were all forgot. In two days, from that camp on the River Swan, To the Shark's Bay Sound had the settlers gone; And no merciful feeling did one retard Por the helpless men and their terrible guard.

breath, While the guards, if they saw, were as dumb a

NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOLUME I.

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

"No, my lord, they are all imagin-"Prisoner," said the judge, severely,
"I give you time for reflection; do not

"You have never seen her?"

cutting up their meat in their stalls; the country people with their large felt, hats planted on the back of the head, calm and grave, their hands behind their backs leaning on the holly-sticks, and quietly smoking their pipes. Then the thronging, noisy crowd, whose shrill, excited, serious, high or sharp words, I reddened, and exclaimed, with some excitement: "I have told the truth" those expressive gestures, those unexpected attitudes which betrayed from after the progress of the discussion, and truth."

> Now, while I was thus looking out, a man went by; he was a butcher, who with bent back was carrying an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders; his arms were bare, his elbows stuck out hair, like that of Salvator's "Sicumbre.

hair, like that of Salvator's "Sicumbre." concealed his face from me, but at the first glance I started. "It is he!" said I to myself, and all my blood flowed back to my heart. I gotdown into the dungeon, quivering to the tips of my fingers feeling my cheeks growing pale, and stammering with a stifled voice:

"It is he! He is there—there, and I am to expirate his crime. Oh, God! what shall I do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration from above, occurred to me. I felt in the pocket of my coat—my fuse-box was there. Then, rushing to the wall, I began tracing the scene of the murder with inconceivable rapidity. There was no more uncertainty, no more groping. I knew the man—I saw him—he was there before me.

At ten o'clock the jailor entered my prison. His owl-like passiveness was

yard.

The farther I advanced, the more did my terror increase. It was not a natural feeling; it was a fearful anxiety, urang feeling; it was a fearful anxiety, when the sketch. I had sunk on the straw, with my head between my knees, quite overcome. Soon footsteps sounded in the distance under the archway. Those who have never waited an hour

ing, and triturating animal and vegetalocations in the substances which are agreeable to the
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of Schulzaria points
to make the provision at the Schwarz-voulu with their backets
and the Schwarz-voulu with their schwary the schwarz the schwarz the schwarz their schwarz the schwar More than fifty colored delegates

left it fifty-three years ago, when he was about seven years old. A few weeks since he returned to his native city, and was cagerly welcomed by his own people, and by many of the old citizens, who favorably remembered his father and mother and had watched his own career with friendly eyes. The changes wrought in this more than half a century were more than revolutionary. The stone rejected by the builders had become the head of the column. The magnates had disapeared, and those who made them so had taken their places. It was a be-

with first was "the was the was the was the was the was the was more of the was the was more of the was the was the was the was more of the was the wa

June, 1872.

As these colored colleagues of Robert Purvis from the South gather around their friend and teacher, how many a story they could relate of their individual lives! Each has had his romance of

The Mysterions Selection for the course of t

The Charch of Rome has interpreted the meaning of the day more intelligently than any Church has done. It has preserved the cheerful tone of it. In Catholic countries business is suspended and everything like work put aside. In head, falling dead by her side. lay is devoted to innocent recreation The people put on their holiday attire and go forth to the pleasant places of re-sort, walk in the gardens, saunter thro' sort, walk in the gardens, saunter thro' public grounds, sit and listen to music under the trees, dance on the green, partake of their simple beverages in the company of their mates, frolic with their children and enjoy as much open air and free sunshine as their circumstances will afford. The priest moves should be resulted to the priest moves about Richard Krafe Trends of Oberlin College, announces that he will keep on lecturing against Freemasonry until every lodge in the country is closed; in which case, as a free and accepted Frenchman observes, "Il n'aura jamais Finney."

The early Protestant shared this gen-ial view of the day, having eaught the tradition from the elder church. John

fall view of the day, having caught the tradition from the elder church. John Calvin had no scruples against playing a game of bowls on Sunday, to give himself recreation from the severe labors of the theologian and divine. Luther was no ascetic in this matter. In the great Protestant city of Germany, Berlin, the Sunday is a happy day of opportunity to the working people. The royal muses was um, one of the grandest in the world, is open freely to all comers, and one sees men and women of all conditions meeting on equal terms in halls fit for princes amid montuments and works of art that are the admiration of mankind. It is most interesting to see them standing with admiring eyes in presence of the white marble and the glowing canvas, or gazing out of the broad windows on palaces and gardens. They who live in thus, sit on sofas and walk over marble floors; they who all the week see squalor and filth and the forms of degraded humanity, now are in presence of glorified saints and madonnas; they who wear the rudest clothes, brush with them the

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES. George W. N. Yost, recently sentenced to the Pittsburg Penitentiary for Court.

A difficulty occurred at Roseville Franklin county, Arkansas, on Monday between two brothers named McCoy and William Harris, in which the for-mer were killed and the latter woun-ded.

will afford. The priest moves about among them lending the sanction of his presence and the encouragement of his voice and smile.

Richard Keefe, Dennis Shea, Georg Riggs, and Thomas Franklin, capsized in a sail boat off Erie on Sunday night voice and smile. Richard Keefe, Dennis Shea, George Franklin got an oar and paddled the boat ashore with one of the others on it

good attention, when talked to or advised, and seemed to appreciate good advice. In conversation she would answer "yes" or "no," and that was about all she would say. At the age of sixteen she became reckless, having been seduced by a young man in the neighborhood. The parents however, knew nothing of this until nine or ten months after when they were informed by Mrs. nothing of this until nine or ten months after, when they were informed by Mrs. Tuttle, to whom Libby had disclosed the full paticulars. From the time of her first yielding to the tempter's seductive voice she seemed to become wild and reckless; would remain out late at night, and near daylight would crawl in the basement window.

Matters grew worse and worse, and in about six months she left home and went to board in Green street, New-York. The father then employed detec-

of Eighty-sixth street, New-York, a pro-testant institution for the reformation of females. The father gave her some money, and hoped that some means might be adopted to reform his child. When Libby had been there but nine When Libby had been there but nine days she escaped by climbing the yard fence, and walked to the Twenty-third streef ferry, and from thence to Pater son, a distance of sixteen miles, arriving home early in the morning, having been all night alone on the road. Mr. Garrabrant then had a long talk with her when she made solemn promises to stay at home, be a good girl, and help her mother in household affairs.

She then seemed to be a different person and the parents were rejoicing

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Eugenie is again going to look after When the rain falls, does it ever rise

Shakespeare on the political situation Gypsy maidens have fallen to \$5 per head in Persia on account of the hard

According to the showing of the Bar Association, our judges 'lay down the law' oftener than they uphold it. A Tennessee editor was so rejoiced at the death of his rival that he announced

It is said that Brignoli was invited to A Terre Haute lady aged threescore years and ten has attended every circus

thought at first to be slight, but the pay-sician failed to reach the ball, and the wounded man is lying in a dangerous condition. Smith was arrested and held condition. Smith was arrested and held ginning to criticise his military execu-

Two Marlboro', Vt., girls having been The blacksmiths have resolved to 'strike while the iron's hot,' meaning thereby that they intend to do quite the The bar-rooms of Long Branch are t

general utility storekeeper at Yorkville. All who have experienced 'where the shoe pinches' understand what that

According to Indian linguists, 'schen

The genius of Connecticut has devise

this worthy Master Rap, I resolved to cheat him by cutting my throat. With this agreeable thought, seated on my pallet-bed opposite the window, I gave myself up to a thousand philosphical reflections, which were more or less pleasant. "What is man?" said I to myself. "An omnivorous animal; his jaws. which are provided with fangs, incisors, and molar teeth, are proof sufficient thereof. The fangs are made for tearing meat, the incisors for eating fruit, and

the molar teeth for masticating, grind-ing, and triturating animal and vegeta-ble substances which are agreeable to the taste and smell. But when there is

work; you perceive through it a quartered ox, hung to the ceiling by enormous pulleys. Large pools of blood flowed over the flags into a trench, which was full of shapeless remains. The light omes from the top, from between the imneys, whose weathercocks are cut it against a corner of the sky as large one's band; and the roofs of the

neighboring houses cast dark shadows on the lower stories. In the farther end of this place there is a shed; under the shed a pile; on the pile some ladders, some heaps of straw and of rope, a coop for chickens, and an old wornout rabbit How did it come that I imagined all I had no analogous recollection; and yet each pencil-stroke seemed the result of observation. Nothing was wanting. But on the right a corner of the sketch mained blank. I did not know how to Taid will, And with doleful countenance, each to his spite of this improbable position, I followed the inspiration without accounting for my own thought. The footended in a leg. On the leg, which was stretched out with effort, floated the skirt of a gown. In short, an old woman, wan emaciated, dishevelled appropriate the state of the same voice. The idea of saving myself over the roofs occurred to me; but hardly had I put my head through the little window than I drew back seized with vertigo. I had seen as in a lightning flash all the windows below, with their gleaming man, wan emaciated, dishevelled, appropriate the same voice.

And I went to bed again, quite terriwas sound asleep.

The following day I was up at dawn.
I had just dressed myself, and was preparing to go on with my interrupted work, when two little taps sounded on

The door opened. A man, already old, tall, thin, dressed in black, appeared on the threshold. The features of this er, his great eagle nose, and wide

bowed gravely.
"Mr. Christian Venius, the painter? "I am he, monsieur." "He bowed again, and added—
"Baron Friedrich von Spreckdal."
The appearance in my poor house of the rich amateur Spreckdal, judge of the criminal court, impressed me deeply.
could not help throwing a hasty glander the court of the criminal court, impressed me deeply. at my old worm-eaten furniture, at my damp bed-hangings, and dusty floor. felt humiliated by such dilipidation But Von Spreckdal seemed to pay no at

"Master Venius, I comecaught by the uncompleted sketch, and he did not finish his sentence. I had seated myself on the edge of my bed, and the sudden attention accorded by

tention to these details, and, seating him

"Are you the author of this sketch?" said he, looking at me attentively.

"Yes, sir.

"I do not sell my sketches, it is the idea for a painting."

"Ah!" said he, raising the paper with the point of his yellow fingers.

He drew a glass from his waist-coat pocket, and began to study the sketch in silence.

The sun shown obliquely into the attic. Von Spreekdal did not utter a word; his great hooked nose, his wide eyebrows.

asm for the beautiful, are all dried up before the breath of such a scoundrel. One becomes awkward, timid; all one's energy is lost, as well as the feeling of one's personal diguity, and one salutes with great respect the burgomaster. Schnugans when he passes in the distance:

One night, not having a penny, as usual, and being threatened with prison by this worthy Master Rap, I resolved to cheat him by cutting my throat. With sagreeable thought, seated on my pallete bed opposite the window, I gave my self up to a thousand philosphical reflect. What is man "Stall to myself."

After these judicious reflections, I him. He was still assisted by the two enjoyment out of life, and to have list-sended out on the soul which preached abstices of a cause which is hidden from need to the soul which preached abstices. I had, after all, what is chance? Ha! Is had, after all, what is chance but the ened to the soul which preached abstice. And, after all, what is chance but the send to have list-sended the soul which preached abstices of a cause which is hidden from need to the soul which preached abstices of a cause which is hidden from us?

Can Schiller be right when he says: I should not have been led us?

Can Schiller be right when he says: Can be strokes. I should not have been ted to the soul which preached abstice ened to the soul which preached abstice. It is had not have list-sended us?

Can Schiller be right when he says: Can be such as the came over the wickedness of the body; during the wickedness of the body; during the wind the preached abstice ened to the soul which preached abstice. It is all over. The mimotal soul does not share in the does not share in the wickedness of the body; during the wind the preached with needs to a say that the select of a cause which is hidden from us?

Can Schiller be right when he says: I should aver the body where preads the radient of the days. One night is all over. The limmortal soul does not share in the doe body she spreads her radient which well the wind which preached abs

At the finest moment Rap opened the door without knocking, according to his laudable custom; his eyes fell on my heap of ducats, and with a squeaking voice he cried:

"Ah! I have caught you. Will you say again, Mr. Painter, that you have no money?"

And his crooked fingers advanced with that nervous trembling which the sight that nervous trembling which the sight is prired me with a religious fear over and of the Schwarz-voula with their baskets in coops. At the finest moment Rap opened the

Rap in his flight.

I was pleased with myself; I rubbed my hands. This adventure had restored my animation. I recommenced work, and was going to finish the sketch, when an unusual noise struck my ear.

It was the butt-end of rifles being put down on the pavement of the street. I looked out of my window and saw three gendarnes, with their rifles howered, drawn up at the door of the house.

"Can that wretch Rap have broken anything?" said I, in a fright.

And such is the strange contradiction in the human mind, that I, who the eve-

in the human mind, that I, who the evening before had wished to cut my throat, now shuddered to the marrow of my bones at the thought that they could hang me if Rap was dead. The staircase was filling with confused sounds. It was a rising tide of hollow steps, the clank of arms and rapid words. Suddenly some one tried to words. Suddenly some one tried open my door. It was fastened. Then there was quite a clamor. "Open, in the name of the Lord!"
I rose trembling, with shaking legs.

skirt of a gown. In short, an old woman, wan, emaciated, dishevelled, appeared at last, lying on the edge of a
well, and fighting with a fist which was
pressing her throat. It was a scene of pressing her throat. It was a scene of murder which I was drawing. The pencil fell from my haud.

This woman, whose attitude was quite startling, with her loins doubled on the brink of the well, her face contracted with terror, her two hands grasping the arm of the murderer, frightened me. I did not dare to look at her. But him, the man, the owner of the arm, I did not see. It was impossible for me to finish it.

"I am tired." thought I, while my forehead was bathed in perspiration: "there is only this figure to be done; I will finish it to-morrow. It will be quite easy."

er down the sign of the Tonnelet Ronge, covered with crampons; then, at last, the three glittering bayonets, which only awaited my fall to impale me. On the roof of the house opposite a great red cat on guard behind one of the chimneys was watching a troop of sparrows who were chirpling and quarreling in the gutter. It is impossible to imagine to what clearness, to what power and can attain when stimulated by fear.

At the third summons—"Open the door, or we will break it open!"—I saw that flight was impossible, and approaching the door with treinfoling steps. I who were chirping and quarreling in the gutter. It is impossible to imagine to what clearness, to what power and rapidity of perception, the life of a man can attain when stimulated by fear.

At the third summons—"Open the door, or we will break it open!"—I saw that flight was impossible, and approaching the door with trembling steps, I drew back the bolt.

Two fists immediately seized my collar, and a little thick-set man, smelling of wine, said:

of wine, said: "I arrest you."

He wore a bottle-green overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, and a hat shaped like the pipe of a stove; he had great, brown whiskers, rings on all his fingers, and was called Passaut. It was the head of the police.

Five bull-dog heads, with little flat caps, were observing me from without.

"What do you want?" asked I of Passaut.

"Come down," exclaimed he, roughly, making a sign to one of the men to seize me.

This latter dragged me away more dead than alive, while the others turned my room upside down.

I went down, supported under the arms like a man in the third stages of consumption; my hair falling over my face, and stumbling at each step.

I was thrown into a fly, between two fellows, who had the charity to let me see the end of two staves fastened with a strap to the wrist; then the carriage set off. I heard the steps of all the

strange smile, saying: "Hans, he wants to know what he has done." This smile froze my blood.

Soon a profound shadow enveloped the carriage—the horses' feet sounded

"Put this down," said Von Spreck-dal to the clerk.

"The pen again squeaked on the paper.

The pen again squeaked on the paper.

"Never."
Von Spreckdal rose, as if indignant; then, reseating himself, he consulted in a low voice with his fellow-judge. These two black profiles standing out These two black profiles standing out against the light background of the window, and the three men standing behind me, the silence of the hall, everything made me shudder.

"What do they want with me? What have I done?" I murmured.
Suddenly Von Spreckdal said to my jailers: "Take back the prisoner to the carriage; we are going to start for the Metzer Strasse." Then turning to me, he exclaimed: "Christian Venius, you have started on a sad course; recollect

meat in the third stall on the left as you go in from the street to the Trahaus."

I had just been pushed into a low passage, with broken unequal pavement; there flowed along the wall a yellowish oozing, from which a fetid smell exhaled. I was walking in darkness, the two men behind me. Farther on there was a dim light from an inside yard.

meat in the third stall on the left as you go in from the street to the Trahaus."

"What do you think of this?" said he to his colleague.

"Let the man be fetched?" replied the other gravely; several jailors who remained in the passage obeyed this order. The judges remained standing, still looking at the sketch. I had sunk on the straw, with my head between my knees.

unnatural as a nightmare. At each step I instinctively drew back.

"Come, now!" exclaimed one of the constables, pressing his hand on my shoulder, "Get on!"

Those who have never waited an hour of deliverence and counted the minutes, which at such a time are as long as centuries—those who have not gone through the poignant emotions—of suspense, terror, hope, doubt—can not con-

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J W. FORNEY.

knowing them as I knew them, you would soon realize that John M. Langton, professor of the Law Department of the Howard University, is as thorough a lawyer as Pierre Soule in his best

head of the column. The magnates had disapeared, and those who made them so had taken their places. It was a bedisapeared, and those who made them so had taken their places. It was a be-wildering dream; yet the retributive fact stood prominent.

The descendants of Calhoun, Rhett, M'Queen, Hayne, and Brooks no longer ruled like their fathers. New influences and new ideas prevailed. Mr. Purvis stood among his kindred like another Rip Van Winkle, with the difference that he was not forgotten; and as he wiked the streets of Columbia and received the ovation of his friends in Charleston he saw and felt that, although slavery was dead and the old slave-lords deposed, the sun shone, the grass grew, the flowers bloomed, the birds caroled, and the waters run, as when the mag-

dice against the reputable man or woman of color, and when colored votes were thrown at all the elections, he has reached sixty, universally esteemed. His family is among the most refined in the aristocratic country neighborhood where he lives, and he commands respect of others by the courage with which he and his children respect themselves. Yet while he walks erect in all circles, and yields to none in the graces of manhood, and in the observances of what we call society, he is the ardent friend of his people, determined that they shall eventually secure all their civil, as they have now their political rights. No more useful or influential man sat among the delegates to the Philadelphia National Convention Wednesday, the 5th of June, 1872.

As these colored colleagues of Robert Purvis from the South gather around their friend and teacher, how many a story they could relate of their individual lives! Each has had his romance of hard reality. Their struggles as slaves—

two years for perjury in a patent case, was on Monday pardoned by President

NUMBER 49.

within reach since she was five years

and fifth and the forms of degraded himanity, now are in presence of glorified the Howard University, is as thorough and manity, now are in presence of glorified always: that Robert Brown Ellottis a better scholar and speaker than Laurence M. Keitt, who having helped create the rebellion, died in fighting for it; and the satin, slik and velvet robes of the wealth that Benjamin Sterling Turner, of Selma, Alabama, a self educated slave, and the properties of t

on Monday night the following party, John Cline. Thomas Shandley' John Rahl, Alfred Crummenger, Sarah E. Gilbert and Mary Knowles, were returning from a pic-nic at Leffert's Park, Brooklyn. A quarrel arose between Shandley and Cline by Miss Gilbert. Shandley had annoyed her by taking her parasol from her hand, and Cline gallantly stepped forward in behalf of the angry Miss Gilbert. He and Shandley struck each other soveral times with their flats, when Shandley drew a knife from his pocket, and with it stabbed Cline fatally in the left side.

Peter J. Garrabrant, who resides in Paterson, N. J., and is doing business

Peter J. Garrabrant, who resides in Paterson, N. J., and is doing business as head manager of G. T.& C. Morrow, boot and shoe manufacturers, Nos. 41 and 43 Warren street, New-York is a respectable and highly esteemed merchant. He says his daughter Libby from childhood always showed a weak mind, and was very odd in her disposition; never said much, but would give good attention, when talked to or advised, and seemed to appreciate good advice. In conversation she would an-

MELANGE. Room for argument-The Police

When is a lamp in a bad temper When it is put out Building Plots—The auction sales of suburban real estate.

again? Yes, in dew time. President Grant will move to Long Branch a week from next Saturday. Grant is evidently a much better hand at taking treats than making treatles. 'Horace on Horace' head accumulate

Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee grounds. When a man 'sees double' it is generally an indication that he is 'beside him-self with liquor.'

take part in the Boston jubilee but de The hired girls of Janesville, Wis. threaten to strike, unless all the kitch-Why should a stingy capitalist be called an 'old pump,' when from such a one poverty is least likely to get succor?

from "Be ye there for breakfast."

The Princis Alexandra is said to be getting dear. This is probable hereditary, as the family for several generations has had a difficulty with its Erin'.

be resolutely closed on Sundays, under which increased bar-roometrical pres na-Green blacksmiths, died on the 23d ult., and rumway couples no longer find

days. She was arrested, and sent by York weekly. If John Smith had writ-her father to the House of Mercy, foot ten them they would not have been James McGraw of Warsaw, Ind.

a beverage under the name of 'medical cider,' which is said exactly to suit the complaint of the inhabitants of Maine and Massachusetts.